I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſerving ſonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtom rie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to ſue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courſes may be underſtood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* Houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is juſt, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Roſſ.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſſ.

Roſſ. And living too, for now
Will. Barely in title, not in r
Nor. Richly in both, if juſti
Roſſ. My heart is great: but i
Eer't be disburthen'd with a lib
Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind
That ſpeakes thy words againe
Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak
If it be ſo, out with it boldly n
Quicke is mine eare to heare o
Roſſ. No good at all that I ca
Vnleſſe you call it good to pity
Bereft and gelded of his patri
Nor. Now afore heaven, 't
borne,
In him a royall Prince, and ma
Of noble blood in this declint
The King is not himſelfe, but
By flatterers, and what they w
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of u
That will the King ſeverely pro
'Gainſt us, our lives, our childr
Roſſ. The Commons hath he pi
And quite loſt their hearts: th
For ancient quarrels, and quite
Wil. And daily new exactions
As blankes, benevolences, and
But what o' Gods name doth
Nor. Warres hath not waſted
But baſely yeelded upon comp
That which his Anceſtors atchi
More hath he ſpent in peace, th
Roſſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire
Wil. The King's growne ban
Nor. Reproach, and deſolut
Roſſ. He hath not money for
(His burthenous taxations n
But by the robbing of the bani

D

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)